MARVEL
MYSTERY COMICS
NO. 34
AUGUST
TIMELY COMICS
10¢
ANTI INFRA-FLAME RAY
CAN THE HUMAN TORCH'S DEATH-DEFYING LEAP SAVE TORO FROM THE STEEL-EDGED DOOM?

CAPTAIN AMERICA
BIG WINNERS
YOUNG ALLIES
THE HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
MYSTIC
MARVEL COMICS
MOST
TIMELY COMICS
SUCCESSFUL SELLERS
IN LESS THAN TWO YEARS THE REMARKABLE COMIC MAGAZINES PRINTED UNDER THE FAMOUS NAME OF TIMELY COMICS HAVE BECOME AMERICA'S MOST SUCCESSFUL SELLERS!
YOU READERS HAVE KEPT OUR MAGAZINES ON TOP AND WE PROMISE TO CONTINUE TO GIVE YOU THE ART WORK AND STORIES WHICH WILL KEEP THEM ON TOP!
Also 2 GREAT LAFF BOOKS!
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST MAGAZINES UNDER THE TIMELY SEAL!
TIMELY COMICS
RIOT OF FUN
WITH MANY MORE GLEEFUL CHUCKLE-PACKED ISSUES TO COME!
COMEDY COMICS
JOKER COMICS

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HUMAN TORCH
TORCH'S
CANNON-BALL COMIC MAGAZINES, FILLED WITH POTENT PAGES OF PROPOGANDA, MADE THE NAZI FOOLS DROOL AS IT CRUMBLED THEM UNPREPARED! -- AND IT ALL STARTED BECAUSE CARL BURGOS WAS LOOKING FOR A NEW IDEA!

This STRANGEST STORY EVER NARRATED IN PICTURE COMIC BOOKS STARTS IN THE SPACIOUS STUDIO APARTMENT OF CARL BURGOS, ORIGINATOR OF THE HUMAN TORCH...
YI! GADS! A TWO-DAY DEADLINE AND NO STORY!-- YIPES! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
HO-HUM! GUESS I'LL PRACTISE A BIT ON TORCHY AND TORO! THAT'S THE WAY IDEAS COME! ...
HMM! FINISHED! ... BOY! DO THEY LOOK REAL! BUT WHAT I STILL NEED IS A STORY!
Suddenly... A CRIMSON GLOW FILLS THE ROOM... EERIE... MYSTERIOUS... AND THEN .....
HIYA, CARL!
...OR SHOULD WE SAY POPPA?
BLAZES! -- THE DRAWING'S AFIRE!
HOW IN...?
THAT'S OUR SECRET, CARL!
SOMEDAY WE'LL LET YOU IN ON IT!
WELL, BOYS... WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
WE JUST COULDN'T SEE YOU THERE BENT OVER THE BOARD WITHOUT AN IDEA... SO NEAR THE DEADLINE... SO TORO AND I COOKED UP AN IDEA!
AND WAIT'LL YOU HEAR IT!

WELL... WHAT IS IT!
YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THOSE RATS, HITLER, GOEBBELS, AN' GOERING! ...WELL ...
THE HUMAN TORCH LAYS OUT HIS PLAN FOR THE ARTIST -- AND ...
...AND THAT'S IT!
WHY... IT'S AMAZING!
NOT BAD, BOSS!
I'LL CONTACT MY PUBLISHER AND WE'LL PROCEED AT ONCE... WITH THE PLAN!
ALL RIGHT... AND WE'LL STAND BY TO SEE THAT EVERYTHING WORKS OUT SMOOTHLY!
YEAH! WE HOPE YOU GET AN O.K. FROM THE PUBLISHER, CARL ...
TWELVE MINUTES LATER... AT THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE...
CARL! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MEETING A DEADLINE!
I KNOW, BOSS, BUT I'VE JUST BEEN HANDED THE MOST SENSATIONAL IDEA SINCE THE ELECTRIC LIGHT!
CARL EXPLAINS...
SO... YOU SEE... IT CAN'T FAIL!
ZOUNDS! IT'S AMAZING! WOW! I CAN JUST SEE THE FACES OF HITLER AND HIS AIDES RIGHT NOW... IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN!
GO RIGHT TO WORK, CARL, AND PUT PLENTY OF SOCK INTO IT!
RIGHT, MARTIN! I'M RARIN' TO GO!
OKAY, BOYS! ROLL THAT STORY AND MAKE IT LIVE!
WATCH THIS TYPEWRITER TALK!

AND SO THE WHEELS ROLL... THE STORY IS POLISHED OFF...
CARL'S ART STAFF GOES TO WORK -- AND THEIR BRUSHES FLY AS THEY FINISH HIS DRAWINGS!...
STILL LATER -- HUGE PRINTING PRESSES EJECT THE FINISHED PRODUCT... COMIC BOOKS!
...OFF TO THE ENGRAVER GO THE FINISHED DRAWINGS...
WELL... HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
SAY! HA-HA! THIS IS POLITICAL DYNAMITE!
HA-HA!
HA-HA!
HO-HO-HO!
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, CRATES OF COMIC BOOKS ARE LOADED ON A FREIGHTER!
SOON THEY'LL BE IN ENGLAND!
YES, AND ONCE THEY'RE OVER THERE, THE BOYS OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE SQUADRON WILL DO THE REST!
BUT... IN THE HOLD OF THE SHIP...
WE WERE ORDERED TO INVESTIGATE THE CONTENTS OF THESE CRATES -- BUT WHY?
IT IS NOT OUR DUTY TO QUESTION, BUT TO OBEY! QUICK! PRY OPEN A CASE!
COMIC BOOKS! BAH! WHAT KIND OF JOKING IS THIS?
WAIT! LOOK!
LOOKS LIKE A JOKE, ALL RIGHT! BUT A BAD ONE FOR THE FATHERLAND IF THESE BOOKS REACH ENGLAND!
THEN WE MUST DESTROY THEM, AT ONCE!

WHILE, ON DECK...
GLAD YOU'RE HERE, TORCH!
YUP--THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE SOME TROUBLE!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE CHECKING UP ON YOUR MEN?
YOU MEAN THOSE TWO COMING OUT OF THE HOLD?
--SURE!
THOSE LOOK LIKE SOME OF THE STEVEDORES!
BETTER MAKE SURE...
SUDDENLY, TORCH PUTS ON HIS FLAME AND THE WHOLE DECK IS LIGHTED UP BRILLIANTLY!
AVAST, THERE!
A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT, CAPTAIN!
TORCH SPRINGS AND THE FLAMES ABOUT HIS HANDS GO OUT AS HE COLLARS THE TWO MEN...
WHOA!--BACK YOU GO!
SINCE WHEN DO YOU STEVEDORES WEAR SUCH FANCY CLOTHES!
GOLLY! YOU'RE RIGHT, TORCH!
I'LL SAY!
LOOK, TORCH... --SMOKE!
FROM THE HOLD, TOO!
SO THERE WAS DIRTY WORK DONE BELOW! --LET'S SEE THE CRATES!

TAKE CARE OF THEM, TORO, WHILE I FIDDLE WITH THE FIRE!
OKAY, TORCH!
HA!... SO YOU SWIPED A COPY. PRETTY GOOD STUFF, TOO!
IT'S NOT AS FUNNY AS YOU'D THINK IT IS!
AS TORO LOWERS HIS HEAD FOR A SECOND...
THERE, YOU LITTLE IMP!
GOOD WORK, GUSTAV...
YREOWW!
AH! HE'S DONE FOR!
QUICK! LET'S BEAT IT! HERE COMES THE CAPTAIN! HE HAS A GUN!
STOP THEM!
RUN INTO THE SHADOWS! THEY WON'T FIND US AMONG THE CARGO CARS!
BANG!
AS TORCH EMERGES FROM THE HOLD...
WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT... SAY!
THEY ESCAPED AFTER KNOCKING TORO INTO THE WATER... HE'LL BE CRUSHED AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE PIER!
HOLD YOUR HANDS OUT OF THE WATER, KID, AND FLAME THEM!
(GLUB) I'LL TRY! (GLUB)
YEGADS! THE SHIP'S MOVING IN!

AS TORO SUCCEEDS IN PLUMING HIS HANDS, TORCH BLAZES AND SWOOPS DOWN TO -----
HOLD ON!
AND HOW--BROTHER!
--AND THEY CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD --KNOCKED ME INTO THE WATER!
YES! I HEARD YOU YELL --AND I CAME RUNNING!
SO THEY KNOW WHAT CARGO THIS SHIP HOLDS, OF COURSE, THEY KNOW ITS GOING TO GERMANY--AND THAT MEANS TROUBLE! OH, WELL, THE R.A.F. BOYS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!
HAWSERS ARE CAST OFF, AND SLOWLY THE BOAT LOADED WITH 'PRINTED DYNAMITE' STEAMS OUT OF THE HARBOR...
DROP THE FUN ON THE BUMS FOR ME!
BON VOYAGE, CAPTAIN!
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND... A WEEK LATER, THE SHIP MAKES PORT...
HERE WE ARE, CAPN!
MUCH TO HITLER'S REGRET, I IMAGINE!
THAT'S THE LAST CRATE! WHEW! AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER WITH!
YOU SAID IT! ASIDE FROM THOSE SLIGHTLY BURNT COPIES FOUND BY TORCH IN AMERICA, EVERYTHING IS PERFECT!
HA! HA!
AND SO THE UNUSUAL CARGO FINDS ITSELF TRUCKED TO AN R.A.F. AIRDROME, WHERE HUGE BOMBERS WAIT TO BE LOADED WITH THEIR...
THIS IS REALLY GOING TO BE MORE FUN THAN DUTY!
I'LL SAY!
FULLY LOADED WITH THE BOOKS, THE PLANES DRONE INTO THE AIR--DESTINED FOR GERMANY!
ADOLPH HERE WE COME!

WHILE IN BERLIN -- THREE WELL-KNOWN INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS ARE DEEP IN DESPAIR! ...
--ACH! VE VILL BE MADE DER LAUGHING STOCK OF DER VORLD IF DER-ENGLISH GET THROUGH AND DROP THOSE BOOKS! LOOK! DER COPY OUR AGENTS SENT US PROOFS IT! YAH!
YAH!
YAH!
BUT DEY SHALL NOT GET THROUGH! I HAVE ORDERED VON HUNDERD FIGHTING PLANES TO STOP DEM! VE VILL DESTROY DAT FILTHY CARGO!
ENGLISH FLIGHT REPORTED ON WAY TO GERMANY!
HITLER ORDERS THE NAZI PLANES TO RACE MADLY FOR THE ENGLISH FLIGHT!
DOUBLE DOT ORDER! MAKE IT TWO HUNDERD PLANES!
YAH, FUHRER!
A VICIOUS DOG-FIGHT COMMENCES AS THE R.A.F. SMASHES INTO THE NAZI FORMATION!
WHILE BELOW...
AH! THREE -- FOUR -- FIVE MORE PLANES
SHOT DOWN! GOOD! HEY!.... VAIT! DEY'RE OURS! BAH!
PLEASE, ADOLPH! A LOOK--HEIN?
THE BRITISH MASTER THE AIR AND BUDDENLY THE BOMBERS' BELLIES OPEN AND A POTENT WEAPON FLOWS OUT IN A CASCADING STREAM --COMIC BOOKS!
COMIC BOOKS!
WHAT'S THIS?
MAYBE THE ALLIES LIKE US KIDS!
BETTER THAN THE CANDY WE GET--ANY WAY!
YIPPEE! WE NEVER GOT THESE IN SCHOOL!
IT'S FREE, TOO!

A FORMIDABLE WEAPON STRIKES AT THE FUEHRER — RIDICULE!
HA-HA! — JUST LOOK AT THE SILLINESS OF THE FUEHRER!
HAH! HAH! THAT'S FUNNY!
HEE! HAW! WHY, IT'S RIDICULOUS!
BEST COMIC I EVER READ!
CONFISCATE THOSE COMIC BOOKS AT ONCE! SHOOT ANYONE WHO LAUGHS! THIS MUST STOP!
AT ONCE, FUEHRER!
REMEMBER! SHOOT ANYONE LAUGHING AT THE COMIC BOOKS! EVERYBODY MUST STOP LAUGHING! — ORDERS FROM DER FUEHRER!
THE ELITE GUARD MARCHES!
GO AHEAD! TAKE IT AWAY! BUT YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM LAUGHING! HA-HA!
HA! HA!
HEY, DUTCH! LOOKA THIS! HAW!
STOP THAT LAUGHTER!
HO-HAW! HOW CAN WE? HERE — TAKE A LOOK!
CURIOSITY OVERWHELMS THE GUARD AND THEY TAKE A PEEK AT THE LAUGH-PROVOKING BOOK
WHAT CAN BE SO FUNNY!
LOOK!
HA! HA! HO! HO!
THE RESULTS ARE AMAZING!—
HAW! HAW! DOT ISS FUNNY!
HO! HO! LOOK AT DER FUEHRER!
HA! HA! HA!
AND SO THE UNDERGROUND MOVES RAPIDLY — AND SOON THE BOOKS ARE DISTRIBUTED — THROUGH GERMANY! LAUGHTER ROARS OVER THE LAND, AND MAKES HISTORY!
HA! HA! HO! HO! HA! HO! HO!
GERMANY
WHILE GERMANY LAUGHS, HITLER FUMES!
CONTACT OUR GESTAPO AGENTS IN AMERICA AND ORDER THEM TO EXTERMINATE THIS CARL BURGOS WHO STARTED THE ACT OF DEFAMATION!
AT ONCE, FUEHRER!

WHILE BACK IN NEW YORK--
--AND THE WHOLE GERMAN EMPIRE IS LAUGHING THE PUBLISHER INTO SHAME! IT'S AMAZING AND UNBELIEVABLE WHAT COMIC BOOK PROPAGANDA CAN DO!
--IN THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE--
WELL, WE'VE DONE IT, CARL! TORCH'S PLAN WORKED TO PERFECTION!
AND ALL OF GERMANY'S IN AN UPROAR! I HEAR SABOTAGE IS RAMPANT AND RESISTANCE AGAINST THE NAZI RULE IS STIFFENING OVER THE LAND!
--WHAT COMIC PROPAGANDA CAN DO!
SO LONG, BOSS -- IT'S GOT TO MEET BILL EVERETT -- TORCH AND TORO -- SEE YOU LATER!
RIGHT, CARL!
AT THE CORNER DRUG STORE...
HIYA, BILL! HAVE YOU SEEN TORCH AND TORO?
--HIYA, CHUM! THEY PHONED AND WILL BE HERE LATER! -- HAVE A SODA?
LOOKS LIKE YOUR PLAN WAS A SMASHING SUCCESS!
YOU BET! [SMIP!]
A MINUTE LATER....
OOOOOOH! MY HEAD! UGGHH!
CARL! WHAT HAPPENED?
JUST THEN TORCH AND TORO STEP IN....
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CARL?
CARL FELL OVER IN A DEAD FAINT!
LOOKS LIKE A DELIRIOUS FROM THE LIVID COLOR OF HIS FACE!
GET AN AMBULANCE, TOO!
I'LL PHONE!
I-I-CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

SAY! WHERE'S THE SODA JERKER!
GONE—AND HE WAS HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO!
TORCH SAUNTERS TO THE BACK ROOM . . .
AH! GETTING READY FOR THE GETAWAY!
THAT SODA OUGHT TO FIX THAT TROUBLE-MAKER!
AS TORCH IS ABOUT TO MOVE . . .
NOT SO FAST! UP WITH THEM!
OH-OH!
GET INSIDE, YOU!
YOU SAY! I OBEY—LONEY!
AH! .. WE MEET AGAIN!
HMM! WAKE UP! YOU'RE THE SAME TWO GUYS WHO TRIED TO DESTROY THE SHIP'S CARGO!
RIGHT! NOW WE DESTROY YOU!
DON'T TRY TO FLAME—OR WE'LL DRILL THE SODA-JERKER!
LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!
But...
A FLAME LARIAT!
IT'S THAT BRAT TORO!

SURPRISE!
INTO THEM, TORCH!
COMING!
HERE'S A DOSE OF POISON YOU'LL BE CARRYING AROUND FOR A LONG TIME!
YEOW!
CONTACT, TORO!
OOF!
OKAY, TORCHY!
THE POLICE ENTER . . .
STOP! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!
HERE'S THE LAW!
ALL RIGHT! YOU MUGS SAY SOMETHING!
THE FUEHRER WAS MAD BECAUSE OF THE TROUBLE BLAIROSS STIRRED UP WITH HIS COMIC BOOKS AND HAS ORDERED HIS DEATH!
BAH! YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
WELL, THAT'S THAT! LET'S TRUCK OVER TO THE HOSPITAL AND SEE HOW CARL IS MAKING OUT!
LET'S GO!
HOPE THE OLD BOY HELD OUT!
THEY FIND CARL IN GOOD SPIRITS . . .
GUESS THEY COULDN'T POISON A MAN WITH A CAST-IRON STOMACH!
HAH!
OUR BOSS? NOPE!
SAY! WHAT AN IDEA I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF — IT'S SENSATIONAL!
WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T SPILL IT HERE, OR YOU'LL RUIN IT FOR OUR READERS! LOOKS LIKE THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT A MONTH TILL THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT! — AND I'VE A HUNCH IT'LL TOP EVERYTHING!
SO THE TORCH HAS A SECRET!
BOY! WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR THE BIG NEWS!
HUMAN TORCH NEVER DISAPPOINTS!
WHILE YOU WAIT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS, WHY NOT GET A COPY OF THE HUMAN TORCH QUARTERLY — YOU AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND — EVERYTHING!

O.K. AXIS, HERE WE COME!

HOLD EVERYTHING!

AMERICA'S 3 GREATEST HEROES ARE ON THEIR WAY TO FIGHT CRIME AND THE AXIS FIENDS!

DON'T MISS ONE ACTION-PACKED PAGE OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR MAGAZINE WITH THESE GREAT FIGHTERS...

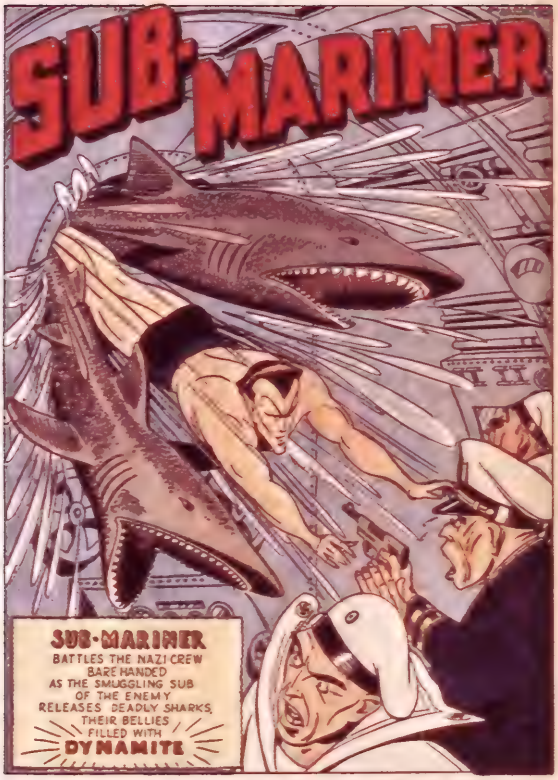
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HUMAN TORCH
SUB MARINER

AND AS ADDED THRILL - FEATURES... 24 PAGES OF -

THE DESTROYER — THE WHIZZER!

WATCH FOR THIS SENSATIONAL ISSUE!

ON SALE SOON!


SUB-MARINER
SUB-MARINER
BATTLES THE NAZI CREW
BARE HANDED
AS THE SMUGGLING SUB
OF THE ENEMY
RELEASES DEADLY SHARKS
THEIR BELLIES
FILLED WITH
DYNAMITE

ON A COASTAL STRIP OF LABRADOR THAT ABUTS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, SUB-MARINER, IN DOCK-HAND'S CLOTHES, TEACHES SOME NATIVE BOYS THE FINER POINTS OF SWIMMING
ALWAYS REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR KNEES STIFF AND TOES POINTED IN WHEN YOU DO THE AUSTRALIAN CRAWL
AIN'T BET YOU CAN'T SWIM AT ALL, MISTER!
DOCK HANDS ARE JUST BIG TALKERS
THE BURNING HOUSE'S SURROUNDED FROM ONE OF THE BOYS OUT TO SEA!
HE SCREAMS AS HE SEES A LARGE SHARK APPROACHING...
HELP!
BUT SUB-MARINER HEARS — DIVES OFF THE DOCK — AND RACES THROUGH THE CHOPPY WATER WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!
SIT TIGHT, JOAN! I'M COMING!
IN THE NICK OF TIME SUB-MARINER LEAPS AT THE HUGE SHARK!
OOOW!
AND THE TERRIFIED BOY SWIMS BACK TO SHORE!
GOSH! THIS BABY SURE IS VICIOUS!
THE MAN-EATING SHARK SUDDENLY DRAGS SUB-MARINER UNDER THE WATER!

THE DEATH BATTLE CONTINUES! — AND SUB-MARINER SEES —
HOLY SARDINES! HE'S GOT A DEEP HARPOON-GASH IN HIS BACK! NO WONDER HE'S SO VICIOUS!
AS SUB-MARINER'S POWERFUL MUSCLES BEAR DOWN ON THE SHARK'S JAW, THE FISH SUDDENLY WHIPS OVER!
WOW! HE'S TRYING TO THROW ME OFF!
BUT SUB-MARINER JERKS DOWNWARDS, AND BREAKS THE SHARK'S JAW!
CRACK!
WHEW!
THE SHARK MUST HAVE STRAYED FROM SOME FISHERMEN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD QUEENS I'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO THE KIDS!
AS SAMUK "RIDES" THE DEAD SHARK TO AMUSE THE ARCTIC KIDS, HE NOTICES SOMETHING VERY STRANGE!
I'LL BE DARNED! THE SHARK GOT HORN AFTER HE WAS HARPOONED! SAY! LOOK AT THAT GASH!
GEE! WHAT GUY SURE CAN SWIM!
WHY SHOULD ANY FISHERMAN SLIT THE BODY OF A SHARK? NO ONE BUYS SHARKS, CUT THAT WAY! HMMM! I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS!
LEAVING THE DEAD SHARK WITH THE ARCTIC KIDS, SUB-MARINER GOES IN SEARCH OF AN ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE.
SO LONG, KIDS! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
HE KILLED THAT BIG SHARK WITH HIS BARE HANDS!
3

PLENTY OF SHARK GROUNDS HERE! GUESS I'LL TAKE A LOOK ON THE SURFACE
WOW! THERE'S A SHARK NOW!
SUDDENLY MINOR SEES A HUGE SUBMARINE RISE TO THE SURFACE...
A SUB! H-MM! GUESS I'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
AS MINOR WATCHES, A DEEP MANS A HARPOON-CANNON!
AOW! A NICE BIG SHARK! READY— AIM— FIRE!
WHAT! ARE THOSE NAZI-SWINE REMEMBERS TO CATCH SHARKS?
THE HARPOON SPEEDS TRUE TO ITS TARGET!
FIRE! GOOT!
THUD!
THE SUB QUICKLY DISAPPEARS, PULLING THE HARPOONED SHARK WITH IT!
WHAT TH'! I'M FOLLOWING THESE SHARKS!
INSIDE THE SUB—
QVICK! REEL IN DOT SHARK!
JA! MEIN OFFIZIER!

FROM THE OUTSIDE UNDERWATER THE SUB-MARINER IS AMAZED TO SEE THE SHARK BEING PULLED TOWARD THE SUBMARINE!
SO THEY JUST ATTACH THE SHARK OR—
SO THAT'S HOW THEY PULL IN THE SHARKS!
SOMEHOW WITH THE SLIT IN THE SHARK'S BELLY!
SHARKS! A BUNCH OF THEM WOW!
HOLY MACKERAL!
AND THEY'RE ALL COMING OUT OF THAT NAZI SUB!

SO THEY FISH FOR DEAD SHARKS!!! MMMM— I'M GONNA HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE SHARKS!
... NAMOR RIPS OPEN THE BELLY OF THE SHARK!
GALLOPING GOLDFISH!
A SHEAF OF PAPERS IN CODE!
HEY!!!
NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHO GETS THESE DEAD SHARKS!

GET READY TO THROW THE NET!
HEY!
THESE NETS WON'T HOLD ME BACK, YOU SPY SCUM!
OOM
OOW!
YEOW!
CRACK!

THE BELAYING PIN CRASHES ON SUB-MARINER'S HEAD —
OH!
—AND KNOCKS SUB-MARINER OVER THE SIDE OF THE SHIP!
GOOD WORK, MATEY! WE DROP ANCHOR IN A COUPLA MINUTES.
HE'S DROWNED FER SURE NOW!
HE DIDN'T EVEN COME UP BOSS!
BUT— SUB-MARINER'S NEW FRIENDS HAVE BEEN WATCHING FROM THE SHORE
C'MON!
QUICK!
LOOK! HE'S COMING UP NOW!
HEY!
WOW!

MEANWHILE--- THE FISHING BOAT DOCKS, AND A NAZI SPY MASQUERADING AS A FISH BUYER COMES ON BOARD.
JA, HERR GRIZZLY PETE! YOU HEV A BOAT LOAD OF SHARKS FOR ME TO BUY?
NICE FULL BELLIES TOO!
GOOT! DEN YOU VILL SELL DER SHARKS VOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH, JA!
BUT SILENT AS NIGHT, SUB-MARINER HAS CREPT UP THE SIDE OF THE SHIP!
SO HE SELLS THE SHARKS TO A NAZI FISH PEDDLER! WELL, I'LL BREAK UP THEIR LITTLE SCHEME! THE DOGS!
SWIFTLY, HE PICKS UP THE NEAREST SHARK---
THIS ONE IS PACKED WITH PLENTY OF T.N.T. OR I MISS MY GUESS!
NOW I'LL GIVE THOSE RATS A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE! --- I HOPE THESE ARE FULLY LOADED!
WITH BREATH-TAKING SPEED AND POWER, SUB-MARINER HURLS THE EXPLOSIVE-FILLED SHARK DIRECTLY AT THE NAZI AND GRIZZLY PETE!
YOU AGAIN!
YOU CAN HAVE THIS SHARK FOR NOTHING, MR. NAZI!
VOT!
LOOK OUT- RUN!
AN INSTANT LATER THERE IS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION!
WHAM!

THE EXPEDITION IS HEARD BY A U.S. COAST GUARD PATROL BOAT AND A SHORT TIME LATER GUARDSMEN BOARD THE FISHING BOAT TO INVESTIGATE.
WHA—! THE SUB-MARINER!
YES, THEY'RE ALL DEAD AND GOOD RIDDANCE, TOO! I KNEW THAT EXPLOSION WOULD BRING YOU HERE QUICKLY.
GEE! HE KILLED THE WHOLE GANG!
SUB-MARINER EXPOSES THE ENTIRE PLOT TO THE COAST GUARD OFFICER.
THE NAZI SUBMARINE NEAR HERE WOULD KILL THE SHARKS, FILL THEM WITH EXPLOSIVES AND SECRET REPORTS FROM HITLER—THEN THIS FISHING BOAT WOULD PICK UP AND DELIVER THE SHARKS TO THE NAZI WHO PRETENDED HE WAS A FISH DEALER.
SO THAT'S HOW THE NAZIS GOT INSTRUCTIONS TO THEIR SPIES HERE!— BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING SUB-MARINER, AND WITH THAT EMPTY SHARK?
OH! I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A CERTAIN SUBMARINE! BYE!
JUMPIN' JELLY FISH! DIDN'T HE DO ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY?
NOW TO GET THE NAZI SUBMARINE THAT GOES SHARK FISHING!
WITH THE DEAD SHARK SECURELY TUCKED UNDER ONE ARM, SUB-MARINER USES THE OTHER AND CLEAVES THROUGH THE ENEMY WATER AT AN AMAZING SPEED!
THAT SUBMARINE WILL GET ITS FIRST CHANCE TO HARPOON A DEAD SHARK!
USING THE DEAD SHARK AS A DECOY SUB-MARINER WAITS PATIENTLY FOR THE NAZI SUBMARINE TO APPEAR AND DO ITS FISHING.
THAT'S IT,THE SUBS HANGOUT ALL RIGHT— OH-OH! THERE IT IS!

THE NAVY SUBMARINE QUICKLY RISES TO THE SURFACE, AND IT'S GUN CREW FIRES THE HARPOON CANNON AT THE DEAD SHARK.
A PERFECT SHOT! QUICK! WE SUBMERGE IMMEDIATELY!
THUD!
WITH LIGHTNING-QUICK STROKES, SUB-MARINER SWIMS TOWARD THE HARPOONED SHARK'S TAIL!
THOSE NAVY WILL PULL HIM IN UNDERWATER — BUT THIS TIME THEY'LL PULL ME IN, TOO!
SUB-MARINER MAKES ONTO THE SHARK'S TAIL AS THE SUBMARINE "REELS" IN!
WON'T THOSE RATS BE SURPRISED!
SUDDENLY THE SUB'S ENTRANCE HATCH DOOR OPENS.....
IF THIS IS THE ENTRANCE FOR FISH, THEY CAN CALL ME FISH!
AS THE SHARK IS "REELED" INTO THE NAVY SUBMARINE.
PUMP WATER QUICK, QUICK!
A NICE BIG SHARK, HA!
QUICK DO! LOOK! HERE IS SOMETHING WITH THE SHARK!
YES, THERE IS.... IT'S SUB-MARINER — THE ONE SHARK YOU NEVER EXPECTED TO CATCH!

WITH LIGHTNING, BEAST-LIKE RUSH, SUB-MARINER CHARGES INTO THE NAZI "FISHERMEN" AND MARVELOUSLY POUNCES THEM WITH HIS FLAILING IRON FISTS— AT EASTER FROM THE OPEN WATER FILLS THE NAZI SUBMARINE!
SO YOU'D USE SHARKS TO CAUSE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO AMERICANS ON THEIR OWN SOIL, WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU NAZI RATS, YOU'LL DO NO MORE FISHING!!!
OW!
ACH!
OUR INTER! WE'LL BE DROWNED!
SUB-MARINER DASHES QUIET TO THE CONTROL AND PULLS A LEVER
IF THERE'S NOT TOO MUCH WATER IN ALREADY, THAT'LL RAISE THE SUB TO THE SURFACE··· AND THEN THOSE SHARKS WILL COME IN HANDY!
AS THE WATER-FILLED SUB COMES TO THE SURFACE, SUB-MARINER EMERGES WITH ONE OF THE "HIT FILLED SHARKS.
JUST ABOUT MADE IT! NOW TO PUT THE FINAL TOUCH ON THE NAZIS INSIDE!
A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE NAZI SUB, THE SUB-MARINER PUTS HIS PLAN TO WORK···
THOSE NAZIS FIXED UP THIS SHARK! NOW IT'LL GIVE IT BACK TO THEM IN SPADES!
THE POWERFUL EXPLOSIVES IN THE SHARK'S BELLY DO AS MUCH DAMAGE AS A DEADLY TORPEDO!
WHAM!
BULL'S EYE! AND THAT COMPLETES THE SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY OF THE DEAD SHARKS!
SUB-MARINER RETURNS TO THE NEARBY SHORE, WHERE HE'S YOUNG ADMIRERS HAIL HIM AS A HERO··· WAITING HIS "RINGSIDE SEATS" ON THE HIGH ROCKS!
NOW I CAN FINISH GIVING THOSE KIDS THEIR SWIMMING LESSONS!
"RAY— HOORAY!
BOY! YOU SURE SWIM LIKE A SHARK! WHAT A GUY!
BOY! THAT'S SWIMMIN' IT TO 'EM!
HIYA, KIBS!
SOME SWIMMER IS SUB-MARINER!
Sub-Mariner
SURE IS A SHARK ON LAND AND SEA!
SEE HIS LATEST ADVENTURE IN HE'S OWN
Sub-Mariner MAGAZINE
60 PAGES OF TERRIFIC ACTION ALL NEW AND SWELL 10¢

THE
VISION
IN A VALLEY FAR FROM CIVILIZATION, A SINISTER GIANT FIGURE CLUTCHES A BEAUTIFUL CAPTIVE... AND CARRIES HER TO HIS MOUNTAIN CAVE! BUT OUT OF THE SMELLING SMOKE FROM HIS FIRE COMES... THE VISION!
THE BEAST OF CACTUS CANYON

CUT! PRINT THAT, MARON!
BUT THIS DRAMATIC SETTING IS ONLY HOLLYWOOD MAKE-BELIEVE! MARVEL MOVIES IS FILMING THE EERIE SAGA OF THE LEGENDARY BEAST OF CACTUS CANYON.
US NATIVES TOLD YOU WHAT THE BEAST LOOKS LIKE... BUT WE DON'T THINK YOU'D MOCK HIM. YOU BETTER LEAVE BEFORE HE TAKES REVENGE!
SKIP IT, OLD TIMER!
THIS IS THE BEST PART I EVER HAD! - WHAT DO YOU THINK?
GIVE UP A SMASH HIT BECAUSE OF SOME SUPERSTITION? NEVER! THERE'S NO BEAST! HA! HA!
SUDDENLY, A HUGE AND TERRIBLE VOICE RINGS FROM THE HEAVILY SHADOWED HILL!...
LEAVE MY CANYON! DO NOT DARE TO IMITATE ME — OR THE DEATH OF ALL OF YOU WILL PROVE HOW REAL I AM!
THE OLD MAN WAS RIGHT!
THERE IS A BEAST OF THE CANYON!
OH!
DON'T BE FOOLS! YOU'RE LETTING THE OLD MAN'S NONSENSE SCARE YOU! THE BEAST IS NOTHING BUT A LEGEND!
BUT LATER... THAT NIGHT... THE HIDEOUS MONSTER SHOWS HIMSELF ... THERE!...
I HAVE WARNED YOU, MY VISITORS! STAY IN MY CANYON, YOU DIE! - ALL OF YOU!
GOOD LORD! EEE!
THE FRIGHTFUL BEAST VANISHES INTO THE NIGHT, LEAVING A SHAKEN TROUPE...
I DON'T LIKE THIS!
I DON'T, EITHER! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FINISH THE PICTURE... IT'LL TAKE ONLY A WEEK OR SO—

THE NEXT NIGHT... AS THE WEARY MOVIE-MAKERS GATHER AROUND THE CAMP FIRE -- THEY SEE ...!
AAAGNN! I KILL! KILL! KILL!
THE BRUTE'S EYES SETTLE ON THE GIRL AND HE SMACKS HIS LIPS!
EEEE!
KILL!
KILL! KILL!
Suddenly... FROM THE BILLOWING SMOKE OF THE CAMP FIRE APPEARS THE VISION!
PUT HIM DOWN!
THE FEARLESS CRIME-FIGHTER FROM THE SMOKE DIMENSION HURLS HIMSELF AT THE BEAST!
THIS OUGHT TO IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS -- IF ANYTHING WOULD!
AGGHN!
UHH!
BRAWN WITHOUT BRAINS SPELLS TROUBLE AND THAT'S IT!
BUT THE VISION TRIPS OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL AS THE BEAST DASHES FOR THE DENSER, NEARBY WOODS!
AGHNN! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!
COME HERE! YOU UGLY HALF-MAN!
YOU'RE GOING TO BE HAMBURGER WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!

BEFORE THE PETRIFIED TROUPE CAN MOVE, THE HIDEOUS MONSTER VANISHES INTO THE DIM, OMINOUS FOREST! VISION HELPS THE GIRL!
NOT MUCH OF A BEAST! I EXPECTED HIM TO PUT UP A MUCH BIGGER FIGHT!
I CAN GET HIM LATER! YOU OKAY?
YES, THANKS!
THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING! THIS IS A TRICK ... AND ONLY ONE PERSON COULD BE RESPONSIBLE!
YES! DON DARE! WHERE IS HE?
YES! LEAVE HIS BEAST COSTUME TO REMIND US THAT DIETY...
YES! WE'RE JUST SCARING SO EASILY! LET'S SEARCH HIS TENT! COME ON, MEN!
IN THE TENT OF THE MISSING ACTOR, THE TROUPE MAKES A SOMETHING DISCOVERY!
DON'S GONE! AND SO IS HIS BEAST COSTUME! HE'S THE ONE, ALL RIGHT!
HOW WOULD HE DO SUCH A THING? ... MUST HAVE A REASON!
A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION MAKES THEM WHIRL —
DON!
I'M THE ONE WHO DID WHAT?
YOU ... YOU PUT ON YOUR COSTUME AND KIDNAPPED HELENE! YOU'RE TRYING TO SCARE US AWAY! WHY?
BUT I DIDN'T! I WAS IN DICK'S TENT ALL EVENING!
THAT'S RIGHT! WHEN WE HEARD ALL THE NOISE, WE CAME OUT TO SEE WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS!
YOU SEE?
Suddenly...
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHT AT THE OTHER END OF THE CAMP!
THE VISION'S KEEN EARS PICK UP THE SOUND OF A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE!

THE VISION RACES AT TOP SPEED TO INVESTIGATE — AND FINDS ——
WHAT THE—! TWO BEASTS!
WORSE THAN I THOUGHT! I'VE GOT TO STOP BEFORE SOMEONE GETS KILLED!
AGHH!
BUT— BEFORE THE VISION CAN LAUNCH HIMSELF INTO THE DEADLY COMBAT— ONE OF THE "BEASTS" IS CRUSHED AGAINST A HUGE TREE ——
HE'S DEAD! — IT'S MYRON!
OH!
SO! MYRON WAS USING THE BEAST-CREATURE TO FRIGHTEN US!
THAT WAS WHAT THE OTHER BEAST!
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! GET OUT!
LIKE A COMET HURTLING, THE VISION STREAKS IN TO GIVE BATTLE!
YOU ARE RUNNING TO YOUR DEATH, MORTAL! I WAS THE BEAST OF THIS CANYON!
— AND I'M A BALL OF FIRE FROM THE EIGHTH DIMENSION!
SO! WHAT!
BUT SINCE HE HAS HUMAN SENTIMENT THE VISION IS PROUD. HE FINDS HIMSELF LOCKED IN A RUTHLESS BRAWL!
YOUR DEATH WILL BE A WARNING TO THE OTHERS! NO ONE CAN INVADE MY CANYON AND LIVE!

TRAINED IN THE SUPER-JU-JUTSU OF THE SMOKE DIMENSION THE VISION TWISTS BACK – AND -----
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
HERE'S WHERE YOU MEET YOUR END!
THE TERRIBLE BEAST LEAPS ERECT AND CHARGES BACK INTO THE FRAY!
FOOL! YOU CAN'T INJURE THE BEAST!
THE VISION, MIGHTY BATTLER OF EVIL, LIES STUNNED, UNABLE TO MOVE, WHILE THE MONSTER RUSHES IN FOR THE KILL!
HAVE TO DO SOMETHING FAST — OR IT'S THE END OF THE VISION! — THIS POINTED SAPLING!
I FEEL WEAK, BUT THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE!
KILL! KILL!
HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! THE BEAST'LL KILL HIM! OHHH!
HE DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

BUT, STRUGGLING DESPERATELY FOR HIS LIFE, THE VISION WARPS THE CAPTIVE FREE — JUST IN TIME! AND THE BEAST HANGLES HIMSELF ON IT IN HIS MAD RUSH!
GRRRRR!
SOOLS RUSH IN!
SO THE BEAST OF THE CANYON WAS REAL, AFTER ALL!
YES! BUT WHY WAS THE BEAST TRYING TO DRIVE YOU AWAY? I WANT TO FIND OUT!
THE VISION LEADS THEM TO THE SLAIN CAVEMAN'S TENT, WHERE A THOROUGH SEARCH YIELDS AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY - - - - -
HERE'S THE ANSWER! STREAKS ON THESE SEALED SENSITIVE FILMS SHOW A RADIUM DEPOSIT IN THE CANYON! MYRON WANTED TO SCARE YOU OFF SO HE COULD GRAB THE WEALTH FOR HIMSELF!
BUT HE DIDN'T COUNT ON THE EXISTENCE OF THE REAL BEAST OR THE APPEARANCE OF THE VISION! I SEE!
YOU'VE JUST TO THE POINT OF THE FORTUNE!
YES, YOU'VE EARNED IT!!
GLUMP!
YOU OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT THIS IS BONDED LAND — AND THE RADIUM IS NOW GOVERNMENT PROPERTY! IF MYRON HAD CONSIDERED THAT, HE WOULD BE ALIVE RIGHT NOW!
A BRILLIANT WAVE, AND THE VISION VANISHES IN THE SKIES SAVAGE TO AWAIT ANOTHER CRY FOR AID!
IT PAYS TO REMEMBER YOUR GOVERNMENT IN TIMES LIKE THESE!
I WONDER — WAS HE ... A VISION?
IF HE WAS, HE SURE PACKED A SOLID PUNCH! WHAT A MAN!
THE VISION RETURNS IN THE NEXT
COMICS

TUT KEN AMEN

"HE WHO VIOLATES MY TOMB WILL DIE!" So read the ancient tablet set in the brown stone above the sand-swept doorway of the age-old crypt. Pete Vernier regarded it soberly then turned to the little old man at his side. "Well, Prof., this is it! We spent a lot of time searching for the old boy's grave, but . . . now I don't like the idea of going much further!"

Professor Hamilton grinned a little. "Don't tell me that young fellow! You're an amateur as I am to break through! Get the navvies and we'll start working. What lays before us is history, my boy, the history of Egypt long dead, and the greatest secret of it is in the hand of the mummy of *Tut Ken Amen!* Let's go!"

Pete ran up the loose rubble to the level of the desert. His eyes swept the canny site, but not a living creature moved among the tents that were silly flapping in the hot breeze. For a moment his breath caught in his throat. True, there was a curse on the persons who opened the tomb, but it was mere superstition, any educated person knew that!

Ever since the directions on the time-worn papyrus led the party to this desolate spot they seemed under a continual strain. The natives were a superstitious bunch, ready to flee at the slightest thing. And this was it. The day before, the brown-skinned men dug through the sand until the flat stone of the tomb built a mound twenty feet deep, and it was then that the shovel of one had them hit the stone door that had been behind it centuries of mysteries!

Like ants they had poured out of the excavation. One look at that inscription was all they needed. He and Hamilton went down at once, and decided to wait for a new day before going any further . . . And now, the natives they were not so eager, the workers took to the hills in the distance.

Pete leaned over the hole and called to the professor. "We're out of luck, Professor, the boys are gone. From here on *we're* on our own!"

"I should have suspected that, but it's too late now. Grab a pick an' we'll do the honors ourselves." Pete gathered up the tool and slid down the slope. Professor Hamilton took the pick and, together they tore into the stone. Hours passed; the sun rose high in the heavens. Great beads of perspiration stood out on their foreheads as they battered without stop at the last barrier to their long quest.

Then, a mighty stroke of Pete's ax tore through the stone and completely dislodged it! Quick as cats they leaped back from the tons of stone that rumbled down. "Wow," Pete said. "That was close! The curse almost came true!"

"And that wasn't accidental, either," Hamilton stated. "That sealed doorway was constructed to come down on the person who tried to dig his way in! It's not a curse we have to be afraid of, but the tricks a smart king dreamed up to kill anyone who dared to go after his secrets! From now on we'll be on our toes!"

AHEAD OF THEM the black hole of the tomb loomed ominously, a dank foreboding place of death. The pair could smell the foul air that was seeping out of the cavity, and before entering, strapped on odd-looking masks. To breathe this air might mean death, and the end was too near to take chances. With flashlights in hand, Pete nodded to the professor, and together they stepped over the debris and into the inky blackness of the tomb.

At once they were in another world. Outside was desert and a blistering sun . . . here they walked amid the trappings of ancient kings, down in the cool bowels of the earth! Their lamps threw light over things that had been in darkness for thousands of years. Eagerly, they explored the odd furnishings, then . . . Pete stopped dead in his tracks. There on the floor before him was a grotesque heap of human bones!

His light shook. Hamilton ran over to see what the matter was, and nodded at the grim sight. "Slaves," he muttered softly. "Killed to prevent them from divulging the burial ground." Pete shuddered. The professor tapped him on the arm. "I found a doorway, follow me." They walked between the mouldy wooden chests to a small opening in the wall. It had been hidden behind a portrait, but the professor had uncovered it. ●

Not a sound marred the deathly silence. They walked into another room of huge proportions. At one end was a throne, empty, and they walked toward it. In front was a table, set as if for a feast, but those that sat about the table were the crumpled shells of what once were men. Pete gasped. "More of them!" The professor went over to inspect them, poking at them with his flashlight.

"They were part of the funeral procession. The last noble act of their king was to give them poisoned food. In all probability there was but one man who left here alive . . . the king's advisor!" For a few moments they stared at the ghastly scene, then the professor spoke. "I can't make this out."

"What do you mean?"

"This room seems to be the last one. Some place around here is a hidden door, but I can't see it. Let's give it a try, anyway. You take the other side and I'll take this. Tap those walls carefully!" In the bright light of the flashes, Pete and the Professor circled the room, tapping every inch of the wall. They knew that the mummy was here somewhere, the job was finding it! But, their search was to no avail.

After an hour had passed each came to the blind end in front of the throne. Then it happened! With a squeak of dried wood and the rumbling of ancient mechanism the floor gave way beneath them, plunging them into Stygian darkness! They landed in a heap on the stone floor, many feet below the level above, their breaths knocked out of them. Pete scrambled to his feet quickly, snapped on his light, and helped the professor up.

"Well, Pete, we're done for! This was the trap I meant to look out for. I should have known better than to stand in front of the throne. By the time we get out of this, if we do get out . . . the sand will have filled in the entrance. We've been trapped very nicely . . . and by a dead man!"

"THE HECK WE ARE!" Pete growled fiercely. "There's no dead man living that can get the better of me! Come on, let's look around!"

The place was stone-walled. Not even a beetle moved about on the cold floor. The sides were vertical, smooth as glass. There was no chance of climbing those walls. Unlike the rooms above this one was bare of furnishings. Apparently it was but a pit to trap the unwary! But then . . . Pete's sharp eyes noticed a strange thing. There in the floor were two identical marks, as if made by a ladder that had borne a great weight.

He motioned to Hamilton. "Look here, Professor, do you make the same thing out of this that I do?" The professor gasped.

"Ye gods, ladder marks! The mummy room must be off this!" Immediately they got to work, and in a moment, by sheer chance, they hit it! A slight indentation marked the secret doorway. Running his fingers over the stone, the Professor touched a concealed spring and a door swung wide. There before their widened eyes, resting on a stone slab, was a sarcophagus of the dead king. This they were sure of, for it was inlaid with precious stones in a royal purple setting!

Only for a moment were they still, then with a little cry they jumped forward to inspect their treasure. The lid raised under their eager fingers and for the first time in many centuries, human eyes looked upon *Tut Ken Amen*! His body was wound tightly with what were once white strips of cloth, and in the stiffened hands was a sheaf of papers. The written history of ancient *Egypt*!

Suddenly the two grew rigid . . . although their find was one of the world's greatest . . . it was useless, for they were as good as dead!

Dead, did we say? Not so, for already Pete's agile mind was planning a way out. For a moment he talked earnestly to Professor Hamilton, then they got busy. Lifting the shrouded body from its resting place, they laid it gently on the floor. Then, getting a good hold, they dragged the mummy case from the slab, letting it thump to the ground.

It was a hard task, and time passed swiftly, but with their lives at stake, neither paid any attention to its passage. At any moment the chemicals in their masks might give out, allowing the poisonous air to filter into their lungs. Through the open doorway they dragged the huge case, and set it up against the wall. Then the cover was hauled into position. Standing on top of the bottom of the case, Pete lifted the lid so that it stood on top. The way was clear, but the the slightest misstep would spoil every bit of their efforts, for it was balanced precariously.

Pete helped the professor up, bracing their crude ladder. Using the designs on the casket as hand-holds, Hamilton reached the top. Then, stretching himself to the utmost, he grasped the floor edge above and pulled himself to safety. Pete followed at once, climbing very carefully. When he was within reach, the Professor grabbed his arms and yanked. They had defeated the curse!

Quickly they made their way to the opening, and stood breathing the fresh air and enjoying the sunlight without speaking for a full five minutes. The sun was low over the horizon, and coming up. They had been in the tomb a whole night! Pete turned and grinned at Hamilton. "Kind of thought we wouldn't make it there for a while. What now?"

"Let's go get something to eat. I'm starved," the professor said. "We'll come back later and get the old boy out. I don't think he'll run away in the meantime!"

THE END

The PATRIOT
EXPOSED! ... THE JAP INVADERS!
WHAT ARE THESE STRANGE CREATURES WHICH STRIKE TERROR INTO THE MINDS OF THE ALLIES?
THE PATRIOT HAS FOUND THE ANSWER! ... READ ON!

NOW OVER THE PACIFIC ON THEIR WAY TO AUSTRALIA TO COVER THE JAP INVASION ATTEMPT, JEFF, CASEY AND MARY SEE A STRANGE SIGHT BELOW ....
HEY! LOOK AT THAT! THERE'S NO ISLAND ON THE CHARTS!
AND THAT FUNNY GLASS DOME ON TOP! HMMM!
THEN... A BEAM OF VIOLET LIGHT STABS UP AT THE PLANE... THE MOTORS STOP!
HOLY SMOKE! THAT LIGHT!
IT'S STOPPED THE MOTORS!
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
— DOWN GOES THE PLANE!
FASTEN YOUR BELTS! HERE WE GO!
GET OUT, QUICK!!! THIS PLANE WON'T STAY AFLOAT LONG!
FORCING THE DOOR OPEN, THE SMALL PARTY DIVE IN AND WADE TOWARD THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND...
I HOPE I CAN MAKE IT!
ONLY A LITTLE FURTHER! — KEEP GOING!
BUT... AS THEY APPROACH THE BEACH...
WHAT! — HELP!
WHAT KIND OF MEN ARE THOSE!
APE MEN IN UNIFORM!
THEN, STOPPED BY BAYONETS AND MACHINE-GUN POINTS, THE GROUP IS FORCED TO THE HUGE GLASS DOME!
I DON'T LIKE THIS!
THESE THINGS HAVE ON JAP UNIFORMS! WHY?
I DON'T KNOW YET, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO GET AN IDEA!

MORE OF THE STRANGE MEN OPEN THE HUGE GATE.....
SAY— WHAT GIVES HERE!
UUG! GROWR!
INSIDE.... A MASS OF EQUIPMENT MEETS THEIR EYES, AND AWED IT...
A JAP!
I THOUGHT AS MUCH!
QUICK!, THE SHAGGY MEN BIND THEM AND THEY ARE STRAPPED TO OPERATING TABLES!!
SO!—IT PLEASES ME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU WILL DIE LIKE ALL WHITES! BUT FIRST YOU WILL WITNESS HOW I SHALL ACCOMPLISH IT!
TAKING A LIZARD FROM A CAGE, THE JAP PLACES HIM ON A TABLE UNDER A QUEER LAMP!
WATCH CLOSELY— YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE THE HOUNTING OF A MAN!....
....THEN MANIPULATES THE DIALS OF THE APPARATUS! CRACKLING SPARKS DART ABOUT....
..... AND A TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE! THE LIZARD GROWS BIGGER AND CHANGES SHAPE...
UNTIL IT BECOMES ONE OF THE APE MEN!
YOU SEE, SIR? WITH MEN SUCH AS THESE, THE RISING SUN WILL DOMINATE THE WORLD! NOW, WATCH FURTHER!

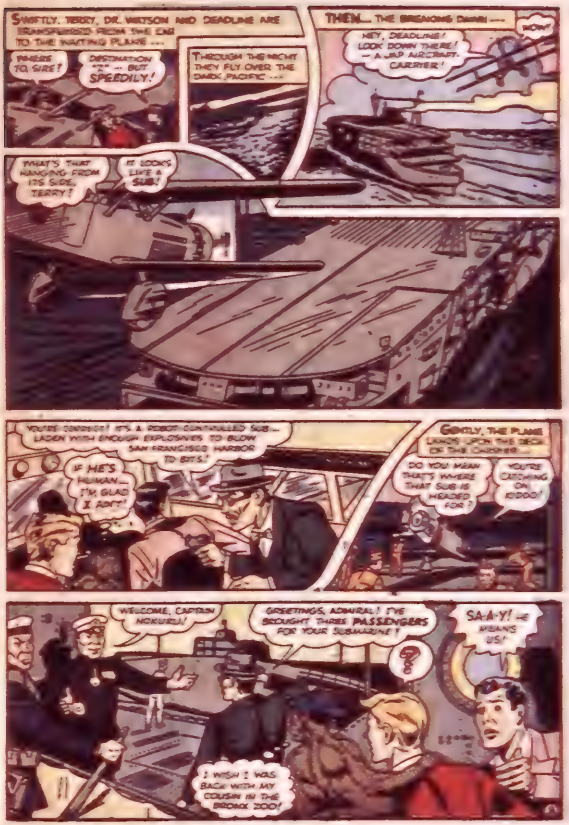
BUT THE JAP GOES FURTHER AND AT THE BASE OF THE CREATURE'S SKULL INSERTS A SMALL METAL PLATE ...
WITH THIS I CONTROL THE MOVEMENTS OF MY PETS BY RADIO. NICE, EH?
PICKING UP A SMALL "MIKE," THE JAP SPEAKS, AND THE APE MAN RUSHES TO CASEY. THEN ....
WHAM! OOOHHH!
THE JAP THROWS THE MAIN SWITCH AND GIVES A STARTLING ORDER! ...
BEGIN THE INVASION OF AUSTRALIA!
SEVERAL HOURS ELAPSE — THEN .....
NOW DOGS, YOUR TIME IS UP! MY MEN ARE LANDING IN AUSTRALIA BY THE THOUSANDS! BUT FIRST I WISH TO SHOW YOU MY EXPERIMENT IN REVERSE!
QUICKLY, THE JAP GRABS CASEY!
I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE AN AUDIENCE OF BUT ONE!
YOU'LL REGRET THIS!
NOW I'LL MAKE A LIZARD FROM THE MAN! INTERESTING, NO?
DON'T! NOT TO CASEY. TAKE ME!
THE SWITCH IS THROWN, AND ...
SLOWLY THE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE ... JEFF STRUGGLES FUTILELY ...
STOP IT! I'LL BREAK YOUR DIRTY NECK!
NOT YET, MY FRIEND!

... AND HIS BONDS SNAP UNDER THE TERRIFIC STRAIN!
THERE! THAT DOES IT! NOW, MR. JAP!
JEFF HURLS HIMSELF AT THE MAD SCIENTIST...
YOU FILTHY MONGREL!
WHAT!
YOU'LL GET MORE OF THIS LATER!
QUICKLY, JEFF CHANGES INTO HIS PATRIOT UNIFORM
I'VE GOT TO BRING CASEY BACK SOMEHOW, AND GET IN TOUCH WITH THE ARMY IN AUSTRALIA!
IMMEDIATELY, JEFF GOES TO WORK WITH THE RADIO EQUIPMENT
NOW TO BRING CASEY BACK TO WHERE HE BELONGS!
IN THE WEIRD GLOW, CASEY GRADUALLY RETURNS TO NORMAL.
THANK GOODNESS! NOW TO GET SOME INFORMATION OUT OF THE JAP! IF HE DOESN'T TALK—
OHH!
REMOVING CASEY'S INERT FORM, JEFF GRABS THE SQUIRMING JAP AND PLACES HIM ON THE SLAB...
PAL, YOU'RE GOING FOR A LONG RIDE UNLESS YOU CALL OFF THOSE MEN OF YOURS!
NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
BUT AS CASEY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HIS ARM HITS THE SWITCH AND -----
YE GODS! THERE HE GOES! NOW I'LL NEVER STOP THAT INVASION -- UNLESS -- YES, I'LL DO THAT!

LUCK IS WITH THE PATRIOT! AUSTRALIA REPLIES!
HELLO! THIS IS THE PATRIOT — WHAT'S HAPPENING?
TERRIBLE THINGS! APE MEN HAVE LANDED AND ARE WIPING OUT OUR TROOPS!
THEN JEFF TURNS THE CONTROL DIALS TO ABSOLUTE POWER. RADIO ENERGY SURGES ACROSS THE SKY — WHAT WILL HAPPEN? — LOOK!
GOOD! PICK UP OUR POSITION AND SEND A PLANE FOR US!
BUT WAIT! WHAT'S THIS? THE APE MEN ARE TURNING INTO — LIZARDS!
THE ENORMOUS OUTPUT SENDS THE INVADERS BACK — AND SUDDENLY THEIR TINY WEAPONS BLOW OFF!
ELATED AT THE OUTCOME, JEFF CHANGES HIS CLOTHES, JUST AS CASEY AND MARY COME TO —
HOLY SMOKE! I'D BETTER HURRY! THAT ARMY PLANE WILL BE HERE SOON!
WHAT HAPPENED?
SAY — WHAT WENT ON HERE, ANYWAY?
NOT MUCH, MARY! I'LL TELL YOU LATER. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
BUT... AS THE TRIO PASS THE TABLE, A TINY LIZARD SQUIRMS TO THE FLOOR — THE CREATURES THAT WAS A JAP!
EEK! THAT SLIMY THING!
SLIMY IS RIGHT! BUT WE'LL NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN!
AGAIN?
JEFF MACE, NEWSPAPERMAN No. 1, ALIAS THE PATRIOT, No. 1 AMERICAN — WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

Terry Vance
SCHOOL-BOY SLEUTH
DR. WATSON MAKES MONKEYS OUT OF THE JAPS!
QUICK, TERRY! RADIO THE POSITION OF THIS JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER TO THE U.S. FLEET!
YOU BET, DEADLINE!
TERRY AND HIS PALS ENTER UPON THEIR GREATEST ADVENTURE WHEN THEY TRY TO STOP THE JAP AIRCRAFT-CARRIER FROM LAUNCHING HER BROOD OF BOMBERS!
OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE JAPANESE SECTION OF SAN FRANCISCO...
LOOK! NO ONE IS ALLOWED IN THIS BUILDING!
OH, YEAH? THEN WHAT IS HE DOING INSIDE?
?
NOTICE THIS PROPERTY IS UNDER U.S. PROTECTION NO TRESPASSING

THE DOOR HAS BEEN LEFT OPEN! LET'S GO IN AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
MAYBE HE'S A G-MAN!
-OR A JAP!
BUT... AS THEY ENTER...
JIU-JITSU!
EXCUSE, PLEASE! WELCOME!
IF YOU ENJOY LIVING - DON'T MOVE!
WE'VE CONTACTED OUR SUPERIORS, SIRE - AND THEY WISH YOU TO LEAVE AT ONCE!
!
FINE! DISMANTLE EVERYTHING! WE DISPERSE UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS!
WOW! A SHORT-WAVE RADIO SET!
MMM! NOW THESE BOYS PRESENT A PROBLEM!
THEY KNOW TOO MUCH - BUT, IF WE KILL THEM, WE RISK DISCOVERY!
YES! SUPPOSE I TAKE THE MEDDLERS WITH ME!
?
AN EXCELLENT IDEA!
THE BOYS ARE HERDED INTO A CAR AND ARE DRIVEN FAR INTO THE LONELY COUNTRY..... UNTIL...
LOOK, TERRY! A JAP PLANE! G-GOSH! WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING US?


SWIFTLY, TERRY, DR. WATSON AND DEADLINE ARE TRANSFERRED FROM THE SUB TO THE WAITING PLANE ...
WHERE TO, SIRE?
DESTINATION "X" — BUT SPEEDILY!
THROUGH THE NIGHT THEY FLY OVER THE DARK PACIFIC ...
THEN... THE BREAKING DAWN! ...
WOW!
HEY, DEADLINE! LOOK DOWN THERE! — A JAP AIRCRAFT CARRIER!
WHAT'S THAT HANGING FROM ITS SIDE, TERRY?
IT LOOKS LIKE A SUB!
YOU'RE SHREWD! IT'S A ROBOT-CONTROLLED SUB — LADEN WITH ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES TO BLOW SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR TO BITS!
GENTLY, THE PLANE LANDS UPON THE DECK OF THE CARRIER
IF HE'S HUMAN, I'M GLAD I ASK'T!
DO YOU MEAN THAT'S WHERE THAT SUB IS HEADED FOR?
YOU'RE CATCHING ON, KIDDO!
WELCOME, CAPTAIN NOKURU!
GREETINGS, ADMIRAL! I'VE BROUGHT THREE PASSENGERS FOR YOUR SUBMARINE!
?
SA-A-Y! HE MEANS US!
I WISH I WAS BACK WITH MY COUSIN IN THE BRONX ZOO!

BUT DR. WATSON HAS THE SOLUTION! ...
IF I COULD WRAP MY TAIL ON THIS ROPE ... I'LL PUT AN END TO THESE KNOTS
HE'S FREE! THANKS TO DR WATSON!
NOW WE'VE GOT TO DISCOVER THE ROBOT CONTROLS!
I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING HERE!
HOLD ON -- WHAT'S THIS?
A PHONOGRAPH AND MICROPHONE ATTACHED TO THE MASTER CONTROL BOARD!
THE SOUNDS ON THE RECORD CAUSE VIBRATIONS WHICH GUIDE THE SUB
THEN IF WE EXPERIMENT WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SEND THIS THING BACK TO THE JAP CARRIER!
RIGHT! FIRST I'M GOING TO SLOW THE SPEED OF THE RECORD!
HEY, TERRY! BE CAREFUL!
WE CAN MAKE IT COME TO THE SURFACE!
FINE! WE CAN COME TO THE SURFACE AND WE CAN DIVE — BUT WHAT SOUND WILL TURN THIS CRATE AROUND!
G-GOSH! I DON'T KNOW!
STEALTHILY, DR WATSON APPROACHES THE
THIS PROBLEM REQUIRES NOVELTY AND DARING!

PLACE THE FOOL AMERICANS IN THE SUBMARINE!
YOU'RE CRAZY! ALL OF YOU!
CRAZY BUT OUR TORPEDO SUBMARINE IS ONLY A STUNT TO DISTRACT ATTENTION FROM THE REAL EVENT! WHILE THE SUB AND YOU EXPLODE IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR, OUR BOMBERS WILL BE RELEASED TO ATTACK SAN DIEGO!
THE BOYS ARE TIED SECURELY IN THE SUBMARINE AND THE HATCH IS CLOSED!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO RIDE IN A SUB
ME TOO BUT NOT THIS WAY
LOWER AWAY!
WITH A SPLASH THE TORPEDO-SUB HITS THE WATER!
HOLD ON, DEADLINE!
...AND THE SUB SLOWLY SLIDES BENEATH THE SURFACE, SET ON ITS DEADLY MISSION BY AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE...
WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO STOP THOSE JAPS!
SURE, MASTER MIND! BUT FIRST WE HAVE THE LITTLE MATTER OF UNTYING THESE BONDS!

FIRST I'LL TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND—
EEEEEK
THAT SOUND DID A TERRY!
WE'VE TURNED BACK!
WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE SHIP AGAIN!!! CRASHES!
AND TOGETHER EVERYTHING THAT FLOATS! WE'RE GOT TO LEAVE IN A HURRY!
YOU BET!
THE BOYS CONSTRUCT A MAKE-SHIFT RAFT AND PADDLE SWIFTLY...
BON VOYAGE!
BOY-O-BOY! THIS IS GOING TO SOUND LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY!
...LIKE AN ARROW!
KER-BOOM

ON THE JAP CARRIER—
WE'VE GOT TO AVOID THAT SUB! — IT'S FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES!
IT'S TOO LATE! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
WITH A SICKENING EXPLOSION THE SUB STRIKES!
BAM
LOOK! — A SQUADRON OF PLANES!
MAYBE THEY'RE JAPS! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
MORE TROUBLE?
IT'S ONE OF OUR PLANES— AND IT'S COMING IN FOR A LANDING!
HOO-RAY!
HI KIDS! HOP ON!
BOY! WHAT A PLANE!
IN THE PLANE—
HOW DID YOU FELLOWS FIND OUT ABOUT US AND THE JAP CARRIER?
WE PICKED UP
'S AGENT IN SAN FRANCISCO AND HE CONFESSED ALL... WITH PERSUASION!
HA HA!
NOW DEAR READER... MAY I HAVE WORD WITH YOU?
PERHAPS ALL OF US CAN'T HELP OUR GOVERNMENT BY SINKING JAP AIRCRAFT CARRIERS — BUT WE CAN— AND SHOULD HELP BY SAVING OLD TIN AND PAPER FOR GOVERNMENT AGENCIES ... AND BY BUYING ALL THE STAMPS AND BONDS WE CAN!
...AND BE ON HAND NEXT MONTH WHEN TERRY VANCE GOES INTO ACTION AGAIN!

JIMMY JUPITER
In His
TUNNEL TO CHINA
JIMMEEE-EE-E!
JIMMY JUPITER! COME TO LUNCH!
OH, DEAR! WHERE IS HE OFF TO NOW?
JIMMY'S MOTHER IS CALLING HIM TO LUNCH... BUT JIMMY IS IN WONDERLAND, WHERE WE FEEL WHEN SHE BOTTOM DROPPED OUT OF THE HOLE HE WAS DIGGING TO CHINA!
OMIGOSH! I...SUPPOSE I HAVEN'T BEEN A GOOD BOY ???
GEE WHIZ! I WONDER IF I'LL EVER GET TO CHINA!
GOSH! WHAT DOES THAT SIGN SAY?

JIMMY APPROACHES THE SIGN ...
GOIN' MY WAY, BUDDY?
O'BOY! I'M ON THE RIGHT ROAD!
GOLLY! MAYBE IT'S JUST OVER THAT HILL!
BUST... AS JIMMY TOPS THE HILL ---!
WOW! WHAT'S THIS?
SLOWLY, JIMMY GOES UP TO THE HUGE HEAD ...
WELL ... ... I WANT TO GET TO CHINA -- DON'T I?
I-I-I'M H-HO C-C-COMING!
SO... JIMMY ENTERS!
... AND IMMEDIATELY THE HUGE MOUTH CLOSES!
JIMMY IS SWALLOWED! DOWN--DOWN HE GOES!
GOSH! PHEW! IT'S WARM IN HERE!
HE LANDS ... ON HIS DIGNITY!
... AND FINDS HIMSELF IN ---
JAIL

TIMIDLY, JIMMY KNOCKS....
I DON'T GET IT.... BUT SINCE I'VE COME THIS FAR...
COME IN!
HE OPENS THE GREAT DOOR AND A BLAST OF HOT AIR ALMOST BLOWS HIM OVER! BUT — IN HE GOES!
GULP!
INSIDE... JIMMY STOPS!...
G-GEE!
FOR... THERE STANDS SATAN!
WELL—WELL! JIMMY JUPITER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!
AH-HAH!— HA! HA! HA! HA!
GEE! I HOPE I'VE BEEN GOOD! I HOPE I'VE BEEN GOOD! —I HOPE!
I—I'M LOOKING FOR THE WAY TO CHINA!
PERHAPS I CAN ARRANGE IT SO YOU CAN HAVE A GUIDE!
WERJIL! OH, WERJIL!
GREE... THANKS!
WHAT IS IT, SATAN?
SHOW THIS BOY THE ROAD TO CHINA!
YES SIR.
SO LONG JIMMY BE GOOD!
SO LONG!
COME ALONG, SON—THIS WAY TO CHINA!
DON'T WORRY! I WILL!

BUT, AS JIMMY FOLLOWS HIS HAPPY-LOOKING GUIDE DOWN A CORRIDOR, HE IS SUDDENLY WHISKED THROUGH A DOOR!
YESSIR, SON! RIGHT THIS WAY AND YOU'LL BE IN CHINA IN NO TIME!
HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE PRESENCE OF A HUGE WOMAN!
AHA! DIRTY EARS, EH? YOU YOUNG SCAMP!
HEY!
WELL, I'LL FIX THAT!
WAIT! I'M NOT A REGULAR CUSTOMER! I'M ONLY A TOURIST!
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY! ... INTO THE SPANKING MACHINE WITH YOU!
In the meantime...
ABRAM, WHO DISCOVERED JIMMY'S DISAPPEARANCE...
HEY, SON!
NOW WHERE? OH, OH! I'LL BET MATILDA HAS GRABBED HIM!
MATILDA!
MATILDA!
WHERE'S THAT BOY?
BUT WERL, IS TOO LATE!
HE'S IN THE MACHINE!
OMIGOSH! MATILDA... HE'S ONLY A SIGHT BEER!

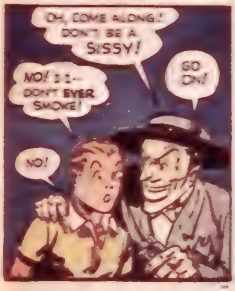
JIMMY SWIFTLY SHOOTS THROUGH THE MACHINE AND INTO A DARK TUBE!
OWWW! WHERE TO NOW?
THEN SUDDENLY HE FINDS HIMSELF SITTING IN A SCHOOL ROOM...
OH!
HEE HAW!
WELL, WELL... I SEE WE HAVE A NEW PUPIL!
HONK HAW!
NOW, NEW PUPIL... HERE IS YOUR FIRST QUESTION!
HOW DO YOU GET DOWN OFF AN ELEPHANT?
CORRECT! HUMMM!? MY BOY, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT ROOM?
?
!
MUCH TO THE TEACHER'S SURPRISE... JIMMY ANSWERS CORRECTLY! COULD YOU? (TURN UNTIL YOU SEE LAST PANEL FOR ANSWER.)
AT THAT MOMENT... THE DWARF ENTERS...
NO! HE'S NOT IN THE RIGHT ROOM!
WHAT?
HE'S A TOURIST! HE MUST COME WITH ME!
VERY WELL! SINCE HE'S ANSWERED MY QUESTION, I GUESS HE CAN GO...!
SO, INEPTUS LEADS JIMMY SAFELY OUT!
BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
GOSH! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED!

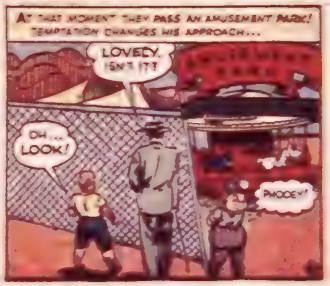
OUTSIDE... THEY MEET A DAPPER YOUNG FELLOW!
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! HOWDY WERJIL, OLD FELLOW!
PHOOEY!

LISTEN HERE, TEMPTATION! THIS BOY IS JUST PASSING THROUGH ON HIS WAY TO CHINA! LEAVE HIM ALONE!
NONSENSE, WERJIL MY LAD! JIMMY AND I ARE GOING TO BE GREAT FRIENDS! AREN'T YE, JIMMY? HAVE SOME CANDY?
DON'T EAT IT, JIMMY! DON'T!
GEE! ... THANKS!

DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THAT OLD FUSS-BUDGET! HE'S A LITTLE "OFF"... YOU KNOW!
TCH-TCH!
MMPHRRR!

COME ALONG, JIMMY!
OH, SAY, JIMMY! WILL YOU HAVE A SMOKE?
NO, THANKS!


OH, COME ALONG! DON'T BE A SISSY!
GO ON!
NO! I-I-- DON'T EVER SMOKE!
NO!


AT THAT MOMENT THEY PASS AN AMUSEMENT PARK! TEMPTATION CHANGES HIS APPROACH...
LOVELY, ISN'T IT?
OH ... LOOK!
PHOOEY!

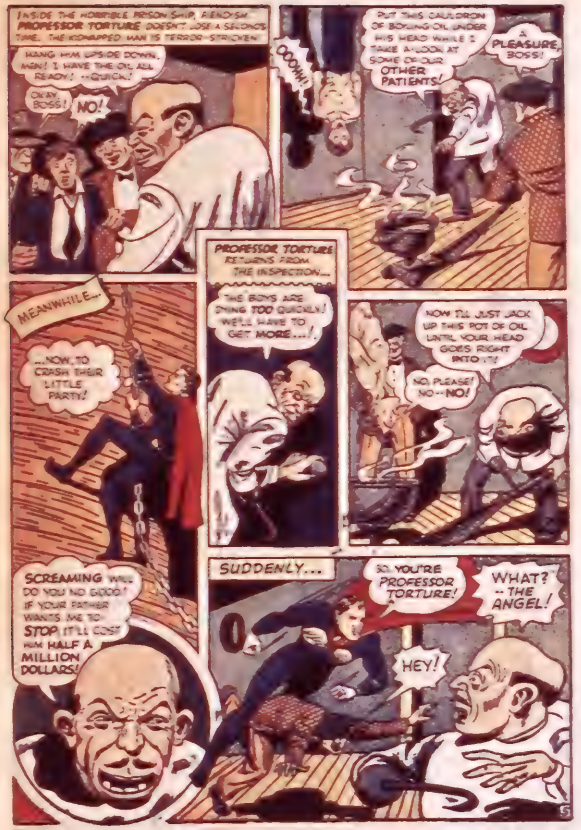
LET'S GO IN, JIMMY!
MAY I, MR. WERJIL? I'LL JUST TAKE ONE RIDE ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND!
OKAY! BUT IF YOU TAKE MORE THAN ONE RIDE, YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO COME OUT!
SO... IN THEY GO!...
OBOY! WHEEE-EE!
BUT... WHEN THE RIDE IS OVER...
LET'S TAKE ANOTHER, JIMMY! WERJIL WILL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!
TEMPTATION'S "CANDY" HAS WEAKENED JIMMY'S WILL!
HE ALMOST GIVES IN... WHEN SUDDENLY A NEWCOMER APPEARS ON THE SCENE!
LEAVE THE BOY ALONE, TEMPTATION!
WHO ARE YOU?
WHY... YOU MUST REMEMBER ME! I'M WILL POWER! EVERY TIME WE MEET I BEAT YOU UP!
LIKE THIS!
SNOSH!
OH, BOY!
... AND THIS!
WOW!
WHAP!
THERE YOU ARE, JIMMY! NOW, RUN ALONG TO CHINA!
CALL ME WHENEVER YOU NEED ME!
GEE!... THANKS VERY MUCH, MR. POWER!
AND SO, IN SHORT ORDER, JIMMY IS ONCE MORE ON THE ROAD TO CHINA!
SO LONG, JIMMY! JUST KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD!
GOODBYE, MR. WERJIL!
THANKS!
HERE'S THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE: "YOU CAN'T GET DOWN OFF AN ELEPHANT -- DOWN GROWS ON DUCKS!"
NEXT: "CHINA -- LAND OF THE DRAGONS!" IN MARVEL COMICS!

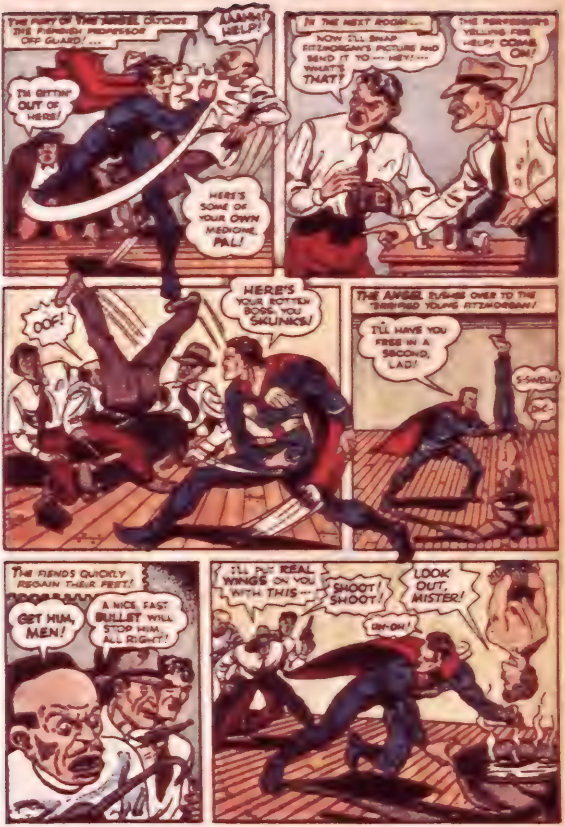
The ANGEL
in
"THE CASE OF PROFESSOR TORTURE"
MUTILATED BODIES... FACES TWISTED INTO EXPRESSIONS OF INDESCRIBABLE AGONY! THESE WERE THE 'PRESENTS' SENT TO FAMILIES OF INNOCENT VICTIMS BY A CUNNING MADMAN ... IN THE STRANGEST CASE IN THE FILES OF THE ANGEL, ENEMY OF EVIL!

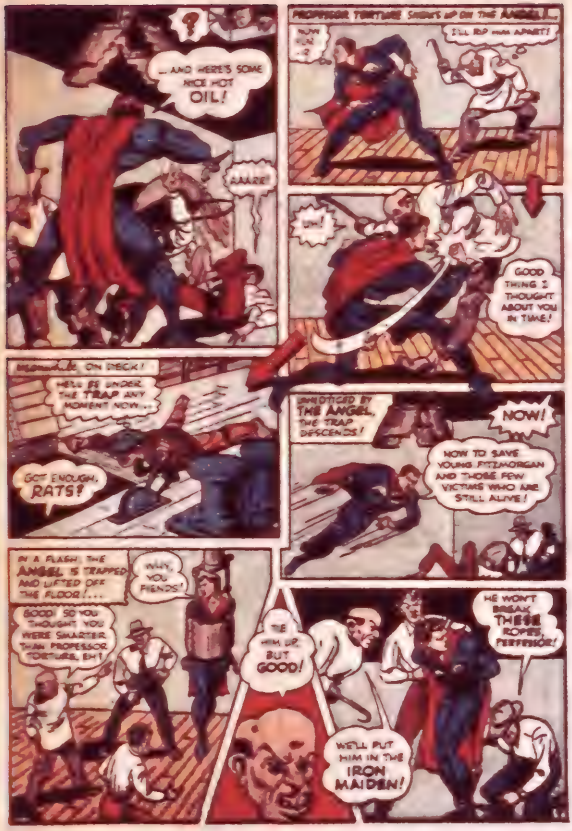
ONE WARM SUMMER MORNING, MIAMI BEACH RESIDENTS ARE HORRIFIED STRICKEN TO FIND THE MUTILATED BODIES OF DROWNED MEN WASHED UP ON SHORE!... THE POLICE ARE CALLED....
LOOKS LIKE THESE POOR FELLOWS WERE TORTURED TO DEATH!
YEAH! THIS GUY'S ARMS WERE TORN OFF!
THAT SAME NIGHT, THE SONS OF MANY OF THE RICHEST PEOPLE IN FLORIDA ARE SUDDENLY KIDNAPPED WITHOUT WARNING!
UHH!
THE NEXT DAY, THE FRANTIC FAMILIES RECEIVE MYSTERIOUS LETTERS WITH PHOTOGRAPHS ENCLOSED...
WHAT SHALL WE DO?
THE FIEND!
WARNING! Here is yours Send $100,000 at once and he dies by torture. Same as other boys. Do not tell police! ...or ELSE! Prof. Torture X
ONE FAMILY, THE ASTORBILTS, IGNORE THE WARNING!
HELLO! POLICE? THIS IS JONATHAN ASTORBILT... I'VE JUST RECEIVED A DEMAND FOR $100,000 FROM MY SON'S KIDNAPPER!
LATER... ON AN OLD PRISON SHIP WHICH HAS BEEN WASHED UP ON THE SECLUDED SHORE OF AN OLD COVE...
HA! YOUNG ASTORBILT! SO YOUR PARENTS DISREGARDED MY WARNING! VERY WELL! NOW I SHALL TORTURE YOU TO DEATH!
OOHHH!
THE NEWS OF THE KIDNAPPING WAVE IS FLASHED ACROSS THE CONTINENT AND COMES TO THE EARS OF THE ANGEL!
POLICE ARE BAFFLED ... NO CLUE AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF VICTIMS OR PROF. TORTURE ... MANY FAMILIES ARE LEAVING FLORIDA...
HMM! SOUNDS INTERESTING!

THE ANGEL BOARDS A SWIFT PLANE TO MIAMI...
THAT KIDNAPPING GANG MUST OPERATE FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF MIAMI BEACH!
THEY HAVE TAKEN THE SONS OF ONLY THE WEALTHIEST FAMILIES!
A FEW HOURS LATER...
NOW, TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
YES, ANGEL, THIS PICTURE WAS RECEIVED BY THE ASYORBILTS! THEY REPORTED IT TO US, AND AN HOUR AGO, YOUNG ASTORBILT'S BODY WAS WASHED UP ON THE BEACH, TORTURED TO DEATH!
THEY MEAN BUSINESS, ALL RIGHT!
HANGING BY HIS THUMBS! WHY, THERE'S PART OF ANOTHER TORTURE DEVICE IN THIS SAME PICTURE! REMINDS ME OF AN OLD TORTURE RACK THAT ONCE WAS ON EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK!
IF YOU CAN "CRACK" THIS CASE FOR US WE'LL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL, ANGEL!
I MUST GO, NOW! THERE'S NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE!
THE ANGEL COMMANDEERS A FAST, UNMARKED POLICE CAR AND SPEEDS TO THE NEARBY HOME OF THE FITZMORGANS, RICHEST FAMILY IN MIAMI BEACH. ... THEN ...
THAT POLICE CAPTAIN SAID HE THINKS YOUNG FITZMORGAN IS NEXT ON THE LIST—AND I'VE A HUNCH HE'S RIGHT! —HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
...HE CHANGES TO THE COSTUME OF THE ANGEL!

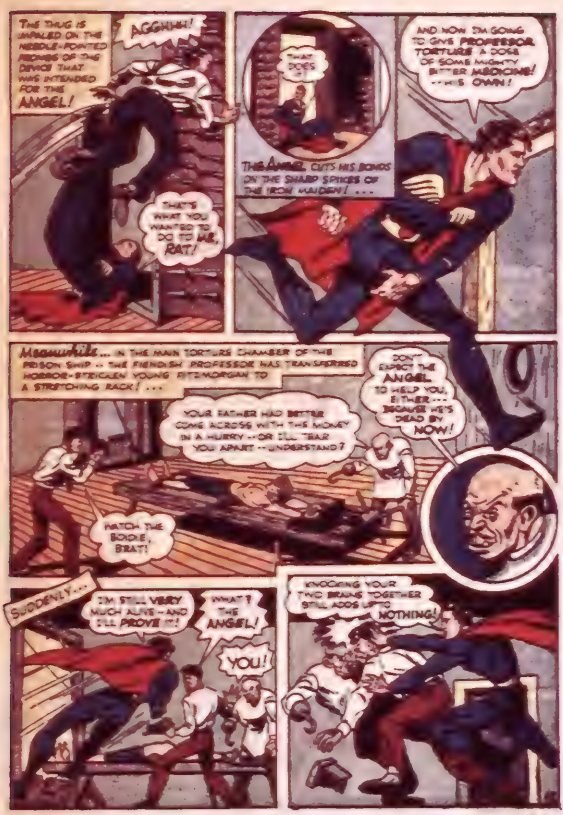
BUT— AT THAT MOMENT, PROFESSOR TORTURE'S GANG OF MURDEROUS FIENDS HAVE SWOOPED DOWN UPON THE FITZMORGAN RESIDENCE, AND WITH RECKLESS DARING THEY KIDNAP THE BOY AND OVERPOWER SPECIAL POLICE GUARDS!
SON! MY SON!
WE'LL GET A MILLION FER DIS MUG!
HURRY MEN! WE'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO!
AGHH!
A CLEAN GETAWAY, PROFESSOR!
DRIVE, FOOL!
THE ANGEL ARRIVES...
TOO LATE!
THAT WAY! THEY'VE GOT FITZ-MORGAN!
THERE THEY ARE, NOW! BETTER SLOW DOWN, SO THEY DON'T SEE ME, YET!
THE ANGEL SEES PROFESSOR TORTURE'S CAR SUDDENLY TURN OFF THE ROAD! HE SLOWS DOWN ... STOPS!
HMM! THEY'RE LEAVING THE HIGHWAY!
WITH CATLIKE STEPS THE ANGEL FOLLOWS THE KIDNAPPER CAR DOWN TOWARD THE DAMP SWAMP.....
THESE TREES COVER UP THEIR SECRET MOUNTAIN ROAD! NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHERE -- LOOK! IT'S THAT OLD ---
--PRISON SHIP ANCHORED IN A SWAMP!


INSIDE THE HORRIBLE PRISON SHIP, FIENDISH PROFESSOR TORTURE DOESN'T LOSE A SADISTIC TIME. THE KIDNAPPED MAN IS TERROR-STRICKEN!
HANG HIM UPSIDE DOWN, MAN! I HAVE THE OIL ALL READY! --QUICK!
OKAY BOSS!
NO!
OOOHH!
PUT THIS CAULDRON OF BOILING OIL UNDER HIS HEAD WHILE I TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF OUR OTHER PATIENTS!
A PLEASURE, BOSS!
PROFESSOR TORTURE RETURNS FROM THE INSPECTION...
BOYS ARE DYING TOO QUICKLY! WE'LL HAVE TO GET MORE...!
MEANWHILE...
...NOW, TO CRASH THEIR LITTLE PARTY!
NOW I'LL JUST JACK UP THIS POT OF OIL UNTIL YOUR HEAD GOES RIGHT INTO IT!
NO, PLEASE! NO--NO!
SCREAMING WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! IF YOUR FATHER WANTS ME TO STOP, IT'LL COST HIM HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!
SUDDENLY...
SO, YOU'RE PROFESSOR TORTURE!
WHAT? -- THE ANGEL!
HEY!


THE FIST OF THE ANGEL CRASHES INTO THE FIENDISH PROFESSOR OFF GUARD! ...
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
LLAWH! HELP!
HERE'S SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, PAL!
IN THE NEXT ROOM ...
NOW I'LL SNAP RITZMORGAN'S PICTURE AND SEND IT TO — HEY! — WHAT'S THAT?
THE PROFESSOR'S YELLING FOR HELP! COME ON!
OOF!
HERE'S YOUR ROTTEN BOOK, YOU SKUNKS!
THE ANGEL FLIES OVER TO THE TERRIFIED YOUNG RITZMORGAN!
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND, LAD!
S-SWELL!
THE FIENDS QUICKLY REGAIN THEIR FEET!
GET HIM, MEN!
A NICE, FAST BULLET WILL STOP HIM, ALL RIGHT!
I'LL PUT REAL WINGS ON YOU WITH THIS —
SHOOT! SHOOT!
LOOK OUT, MISTER!
UH-OH!


?
...AND HERE'S SOME NICE HOT OIL!
AAAAIE!
PROFESSOR TORTURE SHOWS UP ON THE AMBEL!
NOW YOU'RE IN FOR IT!
I'LL RIP HIM APART!
OH!
GOOD THING I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU IN TIME!
MEANWHILE, ON DECK!
HE'LL BE UNDER THE TRAP ANY MOMENT NOW...
GOT ENOUGH, RATS?
UNTRIGGED BY THE ANGEL, THE TRAP DESCENDS!
NOW!
NOW TO SAVE YOUNG FITZMORGAN AND THOSE FEW VICTIMS WHO ARE STILL ALIVE!
IN A FLASH, THE ANGEL IS TRAPPED AND LIFTED DIK THE FLOOR!...
WHY, YOU FIENDS!
GOOD! SO YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE SMARTER THAN PROFESSOR TORTURE, EH!
TIE HIM UP, BUT GOOD!
HE WON'T BREAK THESE ROPES, PERFESSOR!
WE'LL PUT HIM IN THE IRON MAIDEN!

THE BRIDE IS CARRIED DOWN INTO THE HOLD OF THE SHIP.
NO ONE HAS EVER ESCAPED FROM THE IRON MAIDEN!
THIS IS TH' FINISH OF TH' ANGEL! EH, PROF.?
THE STARTLED ANGEL IS ROUGHLY PUSHED TOWARD THE GRISLY IRON MAIDEN — ONE OF THE MORE "CERTAIN DEVICES EVER INVENTED....
SHOVE HIM IN, MEN... THE IRON MAIDEN WILL TEACH HIM NOT TO INTERFERE WITH PROFESSOR TORTURE!
YOU'RE PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE, LITTLE BOY! GO AHEAD!
SHUT UP!
ME AND THE IRON MAIDEN WILL FIX THE ANGEL — NICE AND SLOW!
WE'RE GOING BACK TO TAKE A PICTURE OF YOUNG FITZMORGAN TO SEND HOME TO HIS FOLKS — THEN MAYBE WE'LL TORTURE HIM A LITTLE!
YOU SAID IT, PERFESSOR!
IF I EVER GET OUT — I'LL DO THE FIXING — YOU MURDERERS!
YES, ANGEL — IF YOU EVER GET OUT!
HEE-HEE! THE ONLY WAY ANYONE EVER GOT OUT OF AN IRON MAIDEN WAS — DEAD! — EE-E-E-HEE!
THE MADMEN AND HIS MEN LEAVE...
NOW I'LL CLOSE THE DOOR AND — WHY, HE FAINTED! THEY ALL DO!
COME, COME! THIS IS NO WAY FOR A HERO TO ACT!
MY, WILL YOU BE SURPRISED!


THE THUG IS IMPALED ON THE NEEDLE-POINTED PRONGS OF THE DEVICE THAT WAS INTENDED FOR THE ANGEL!
AGGHHH!
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED TO DO TO ME, RAT!
WHAT DOES--?
THE ANGEL CUTS HIS BONDS ON THE SHARP SPIKES OF THE IRON MAIDEN! . . .
AND NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE PROFESSOR TORTURE A DOSE OF SOME MIGHTY BITTER MEDICINE! --HE'S OWN!
MEANWHILE . . . IN THE MAIN TORTURE CHAMBER OF THE PRISON SHIP -- THE FIENDISH PROFESSOR HAS TRANSFERRED HORROR-STRICKEN YOUNG FITZMORGAN TO A STRETCHING RACK! . . .
DON'T EXPECT THE ANGEL TO HELP YOU, EITHER . . . BECAUSE HE'S DEAD BY NOW!
YOUR FATHER HAD BETTER COME ACROSS WITH THE MONEY IN A HURRY -- OR I'LL TEAR YOU APART -- UNDERSTAND?
WATCH THE BOOBIE, BRAT!
SUDDENLY . . .
I'M STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE -- AND I'LL PROVE IT!
WHAT'S THE ANGEL!
YOU!
KNOCKING YOUR TWO BRAINS TOGETHER STILL ADDS UP TO NOTHING!

THE FORCE OF THE PUSH KNOCKS THE TWO FIENDS INTO A GUILLOTINE.... THE PROFESSOR'S HOOK HITS THE CORD RELEASE! ...
... AND THE RAZOR-EDGED BLADE DROPS AS A FINAL CURTAIN ON THEIR EVIL CAREERS.
AND THAT'S THAT!
AND NOW FOR THAT MUG ON DICK!
THERE HE IS!
I WONDER WHAT MY SHARE WILL BE...
THIS!
AGGRR!
A FEW MINUTES LATER... THE ANGEL RELEASES A GRATEFUL FITZMORGAN.
YOU ARE THE ONLY VICTIM STILL ALIVE!
GOSH, MISTER! IF NOT FOR YOU! -- I'D HAVE BEEN TORTURED TO DEATH, TOO!
T-THANKS!
WHEN THE POLICE AND YOUNG FITZMORGAN RETURN, THE ANGEL HAS VANISHED, BUT HIS SHADOW STILL LINGERS ON, A WARNING TO ALL EVIL!
I'VE BOUND THE LAST GANGSTER TO THE MAST! NOW, DRESS AND INFORM THE LAW, WILL YOU?
YOU BET I WILL! ... WITH PLEASURE!
YES! ... AND THE ANGEL WILL RETURN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE!

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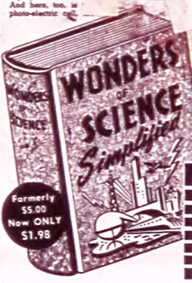

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